HERO AND LEANDER:

Begun by CHRISTOPHER MARLOE, and finiſhed by GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Vt Nectar, Ingenium.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*: and are to bee ſold at his Shop in *Chancerie-Lane*, neere *Serieants Inne*.
1629.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFVL, SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM KNIGHT.

SIR, *we thinke our ſelues diſcharged of the duty wee owe to our friend, when wee haue brought the breathleſſe body to the earth: for albeit the eye there taketh his euer farewell of that beloued obiect, yet the impreſsion of the man, that hath beene deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in our memory, there putteth vs in minde of other obſequies due vnto the deceaſed: And namely, of the performance of whatſoeuer wee may iudge ſhall make to his liuing credit, and to the effecting of his determinations preuented by the ſtroke of death. By theſe meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I ſuppoſe my ſelfe Executor to the vnhappy deceaſed Author of this Poem, vpon whom, knowing in his life time you beſtowed many kinde fauours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him,*

with good countenance and liberall affection, I cannot but see so farre into the will of him dead, that whatsoeuer issue of his braine should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take, might bee the gentle ayre of your liking: for since his selfe had beene accustomed thereto, it would proue more agreeable and thriuing to his right children, then any other foster countenance whatsoeuer. At this time, seeing that this vnfinished Tragedy happens vnder my hands to be imprinted, of a double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased: I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offering my vtmost selfe now and euer to be ready at your Worships disposing.

E. B.

HERO and LEANDER.

The Argument of the first SESTYAD.

Heroes *deſcription, and her Loue,*
The Phane of Venus, *where he moues*
His worthy Loue-ſute, and attaines;
Whoſe bliſſe, the wrath of Fates reſtraines:
For Cupids *grace* to Mercury,
Which Tale, the Author *doth imply.*

ON *Helleſpont* guilty of true Loues blood,
In view and oppoſit two Cities ſtood,
Seaborderers, diſioyn'd by *Neptunes* might;
The one *Abydos*, th'other *Seſtos* hight.
At *Seſtos Hero* dwelt, *Hero* the faire.
Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where ſhe ſhould ſit for men to gaze vpon.
The outſide of her garments were of Lawne,
The lining, purple ſilke, with guilt ſtarres drawne,
Her vvide ſleeues greene, and bordred with a groue,
VVhere *Venus* in her naked glory ſtroue,
To pleaſe the careleſſe and diſdainfull eyes
Of proud *Adonis* that before her lyes:
Her kirtle blue, vvhereon was many a ſtaine,
Made with the bloud of wretched Louers ſlaine.

Vpon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the groũd beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceiues.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
when 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast.
And there for hony, Bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,
Which lightned by her neck, like Diamonds shone.
She ware no gloues, for neither Sunne nor wind,
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warme or coole them: for they tooke delight
To play vpon those hands, they were so white?
Buskins of shels all siluered, vsed shee,
And brancht with blushing Corall to the knee,
Where Sparowes pearch't, of hollow pearle & gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as she went would cherup through the bils.
Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pin'd;
And looking in her face, was strucken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd *Hero* was his mother:
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,
And laid his childish head vpon her breast,

And with ſtill panting rocke, there tooke his reſt.
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As Nature wept, thinking ſhe was vndone,
Becauſe ſhe tooke more from her then ſhe left,
And of ſuch wondrous beauty her bereft;
Therefore in ſigne her treaſure ſuffered wracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world been blacke.
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and young,
(Whoſe Tragedie diuine *Muſæus* ſung)
Dwelt at *Abydus*, ſince him dwelt there none,
For whom, ſucceeding times may greater mone.
His dandling treſſes that were neuer ſhorne,
Had they been cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue allur'd the ventrous youth of *Greece*,
To hazzard more then for the goulden fleece.
Faire *Cynthia* wiſht his armes might be her ſphere:
Griefe makes her pale, becauſe ſhe moues not there.
His body was as ſtrait as *Circes* wand,
Ioue might haue ſipt out *Nectar* from his hand:
Euen as delicious meat is to the the taſte
So was his necke in touching, and ſurpaſt
The white of *Pelops* ſhoulder: I could tell yee.
How ſmooth his breſt was, & how white his belly,
And whoſe immortall fingers did imprint
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men.

Much leſſe of powerfull gods, let it ſuffice,
That my ſlacke Muſe muſt ſing *Leanders* eyes.
Theſe orient cheekes and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiſſe
Of his owne ſhadow, and deſpiſing many,
Dyed ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had vvilde *Hyppolitus Leander* ſeene,
Enamoured of his beauty had he beene,
His preſence made the rudeſt paiſant melt,
That in the vaſt vplandiſh countrey dwelt,
The barb'rous *Thracian* ſouldier mou'd with nought
Was mou'd vvith him, and for his fauour ſought.
Some ſwore he vvas a mayd in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men deſire,
A pleaſant ſmiling cheeke, a ſpeaking eye,
A brow for Loue to banquet royally,
And ſuch as knevv he was a man, vvould ſay,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play,
Why art thou not in Loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of vvealthy *Seſtos* euery yeere,
For his ſake vvhom their Goddeſſe held ſo deare,
Roſe-cheekt *Adonis* kept a ſolemne feaſt,
Thither reſorted many a vvandred gueſt,
To meet their loues, ſuch as had none at all,
Came Louers home from this great feſtiuall.
For euery ſtreet like to a Firmament,

Gliſtred with breathing ſtars, who, wher they went
Frighted the Melancholly earth which deem'd
Eternall heauen to burne, for ſo it ſeem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the Sunnes rich Chariot.
But farre aboue the louelieſt *Hero* ſhin'd,
And ſtole away th'inchanted gazers minde:
For like Sea-nymphs inueigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the ſtanders by.
Nor that night-wandring pale and watry ſtarre,
(When yawning Dragons draw her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomy skie,
Where crown'd with blazing light and Maieſtie
She proudly ſits,) more ouer-rules the flood,
Then ſhee the hearts of thoſe that neere her ſtood.
Euen as when gaudy Nimphes purſue the chaſe,
Wretched *Ixions* ſhaggy-footed race,
Incenſt with ſauage heate, gallop amaine,
From ſteepe Pine-bearing mountaines to the Plaine:
So ranne the people forth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in fury of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being ſlaine, or put to flight,
Poore ſoldiers ſtand with feare of death dead ſtroo-
So at her preſence all ſurpriz'd and tooken, (ken,
Awaite the ſentence of her ſcornefull eyes:
He whom ſhe fauours liues, the other dyes.

There might you ſee one ſigh, another rage,
And ſome (their violent paſſions to aſſwage)
Compile ſharpe Satyres, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate,
And many ſeeing great Princes were denyed,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her, dyed.
On this feaſt day, O curſed day and hower,
went *Hero* thorow *Seſtos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other ſpy,
So faire a Church, as this had *Venus* none,
The walls were of diſcoloured Iaſper ſtone,
Wherein was *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer head
A liuely Vine of greene ſea agget ſpread,
Where by one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of Cryſtall ſhining-faire the pauement was,
The towne of *Seſtos* call'd it *Venus* glaſſe;
There might you ſee the gods in ſundry ſhapes,
Committing headdy ryots, inceſt, rapes,
For know that vnderneath this radiant flower
Was *Danaes* ſtatue in a brazen tower,
Ioue ſlily ſtealing from his ſiſters bed,
To dally with *Idalian Ganimed*;
And for his loue *Europa* bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud:
Bloud-quaffing *Mars* heauing the yron net,

VVhich limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* ſet:
Loue kindling fire, to burne ſuch townes as *Troy*,
Siluanus weeping for the louely boy,
That now is turn'd into a Cypres tree.
Vnder whoſe ſhade the Wood-gods loue to be.
And in the midſt a ſiluer altar ſtood,
There *Hero* ſacrificing Turtles blood,
Tayl'd to the ground, vayling her eye-lids cloſe,
And modeſtly they opened as ſhe roſe.
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head:
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone-ſtill he ſtood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was ſtrooke:
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.
It lies not in our power to loue or hate:
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by Fate.
VVhen two are ſtript long ere the courſe beginne,
VVe wiſh that one ſhould loſe, the other winne.
And one eſpecially doe we affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each reſpect;
The reaſon no man knowes: let it ſuffice,
What vve behold is cenſurd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the loue is ſlight.
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at firſt ſight?
He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly prayd:
Chaſte *Hero*, to her ſelfe thus ſoftly ſayd;

Were I the Saint he worſhips, I would heare him:
And as ſhe ſpake thoſe words came ſomething neere
He ſtarted vp, ſhe bluſht as one aſham'd, (him.
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand; in touching it, ſhe trembled:
Loue deepely grounded hardly is diſſembled.
Theſe Louers parled by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute and oft amazed ſtands. (led,
Thuswhile dumb ſigns their yeelding harts entang-
The aire with ſparkes of liuing fire was ſpangled,
And Night deepe drencht in miſtie *Acheron*,
Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darknes forth, (darke night is *Cupids* day.)
And now begins *Leander* to diſplay
Loues holy fire, with words, with ſighes, and teares,
Which like ſweet Muſicke entred *Hero's* eares.
And yet at euery word ſhee turn'd aſide,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide.
At laſt, like to a bold ſharpe Sophiſter,
With cheerefull hope thus he accoſted her:
Faire creature let me ſpeake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then ſhouldſt thou be his priſoner who is thine.
Be not vnkinde and faire: mis-ſhapen ſtuffe
Are of behauiour boyſterous and ruffe.
O ſhunne me not, but heare me ere you goe,

God knowes I cannot force loue as you doe.
My words ſhall be as ſpotleſſe as my youth,
Full of ſimplicitie and naked truth.
This ſacrifice (whoſe ſweet perfume deſcending,
From *Venus* altar to your footſteps bending)
Doth teſtifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whoſe Nunne you are.
Why ſhould you worſhip her? her you ſurpaſſe,
As much as ſparkeling Diamonds, flaring glaſſe.
A Diamond ſet in Lead, his worth retaines:
A heau'nly Nymph belou'd of humane ſwaines,
Receiues no blemiſh, but oft-times more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but baſe;
Baſe in reſpect of thee diuine and pure,
Dutifull ſeruice may thy loue procure:
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beauty doſt exceed Loues mother.
Nor heau'n, nor thou were made to gaze vpon,
As heau'n preſerues all things, ſo ſaue thou one.
A ſtately builded Ship, well rigg'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maieſticall:
Why vowſt thou then to liue in *Seſtos* here,
Who on Loues ſeas more glorious wouldſt appeare?
Like vntun'de golden ſtrings, all women are,
Which long time lie vntouch't, will harſhly iarre.
Veſſels of braſſe, oft handled, brightly ſhine:
What difference betwixt the richeſt Mine,

And baſeſt mould, but vſe? for both, not vs'd,
Are of like worth. Then treaſure is abus'd,
VVhen Miſers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themſelues & others do adorne,
Neither themſelues, nor others, if not worne.
Who builds a Palace, and rams vp the gate,
Shall ſee it ruinous and deſolate.
Ah ſimple *Hero*, learne thy ſelfe to cheriſh:
Lone women, like to empty houſes periſh;
Leſſe ſins the poore-rich man that ſtarues himſelfe,
In heaping vp a maſſe of droſsie pelfe,
Then ſuch as you; his golden earth remaines,
Which after his deceaſe ſome other gaines.
But this faire Iemme, ſweet in the loſſe alone,
VVhen you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none:
Or if it could, downe from the enamel'd skie,
All Heauen would come to claime this legacie;
And with inteſtine broyles the world deſtroy,
And quite confound Natures ſweet harmony.
VVell therefore by the gods decreed it is,
VVe humane creatures ſhould enioy that bliſs?
One is no number: Maides are nothing then,
VVithout the ſweet ſocietie of Men.
VVilt thou liue ſingle ſtill? one ſhalt thou be,
Though neuer-ſingling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wilde Sauages that drinke of running Springs,

Thinke

Thinke water farre excels all earthly things,
But they that daily taſte neat Wine, deſpiſe it;
Virginitie, albeit ſome highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,
Differs as much, as Wine and water doth.
Baſe boullion for the ſtampes ſake we allow,
Euen ſo for mens impreſsion doe we you,
By which alone, our reuerend Fathers ſay,
Women receiue perfection euery way.
This Idol which you tearme Virginitie,
Is neither Eſſence ſubiect to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior ſence,
Nor hath it any place of reſidence.
Nor is't of earth or molde celeſtiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.
Of that which hath no being doe not boaſt:
Things that are not at all are neuer loſt.
Men fooliſhly doe call it vertuous:
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
Much leſſe can honour be aſcrib'd thereto,
Honour is purchaſ'd by the deeds we doe.
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not wonne,
Vntill ſome honourable deed bee done.
Seeke you for chaſtitie, immortall fame,
And know that ſome haue wrong'd *Dianas* name.
Whoſe name is it, if ſhe be falſe or not,
So ſhe be faire, but ſome vile tongues will blot?

But you are faire (aye me) ſo wondrous faire,
So young, ſo gentle, and ſo debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero*, hate me not nor from me flie,
To follow ſwiftly blaſting infamie:
Perhaps thy ſacred Prieſthood makes thee loath:
Tell me to whom mad'ſt thou that heedleſſe oath?
To *Venus* anſwered ſhe: and as ſhe ſpake,
Forth from thoſe two tralucent ciſternes brake
A ſtreame of liquid Pearle, vvhich dovvne her face
Made milkvvhite paths, wheron the gods might trace
To *Ioues* high Court. He thus replide: The rites
In vvhich Loues beauteous Empreſſe moſt delites,
Are banquets, Doricke muſicke, midnight reuell,
Playes, Maskes, and all that ſterne age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth ſhe ſcorne,
For thou in vovving chaſtitie haſt ſvvorne,
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'ſt a ſinne farre worſe then periury:
Euen ſacriledge againſt her Deitie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiate which ſinne, kiſſe, and ſhake hands,
Such ſacrifice as this *Venus* demands.
Thereat ſhee ſmil'd, and did deny him ſo,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for moe,
Which makes him quickly reinforce his ſpeech,

And her in humble manner thus beſeech.
Though neither gods nor men may thee deſerue,
Yet for her ſake whom you haue vow'd to ſerue,
Abandon frui leſſe cold *Virginitie*
The gentle Queene of Loues ſole enemie,
Then ſhall you moſt reſemble *Venus* Nunne,
When *Venus* ſweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breaſted *Pallas* ioyes in ſingle life,
But *Pallas* and your Miſtris are at ſtrife.
Loue *Hero* then and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou haſt wounded thus;
Nor ſtaine thy youthfull yeares with auarice.
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.
The richeſt Corne dyes if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is loſt, too warily kept.
Theſe arguments he vs'd, and many more,
Wherewith ſhe yeelded that was wonne before,
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are won, when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing ſwallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more ſhe ſtriu'd, the deeper vvas ſhe ſtrooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, ſtroue ſhe ſtill,
And would be thought to grant againſt her will:
So hauing paus'd a while, at laſt ſhe ſaid,
Who taught thee Rethoricke to deceiue a mayde?
Aye me, ſuch words as theſe ſhould I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

With that *Leander* stoopt to haue embrac'd her,
But from his spreading armes away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: Gentle youth, forbeare
To touch the sacred garments which I weare.
Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Farre from the towne (where all is whist and still,
Saue that the Sea playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmure to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In silence of the night to visit vs.)
My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* Swannes, and Sparrowes all the day,
A dwarfish beldam beares me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lye,
And spends the night (that might be better spent)
In vaine discourse and apish merriment,
Come thither: As she spake this, her tongue tript,
For vnawares (*Come hither*) from her slipt,
And sodainely her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd,
And like a Planet moving seuerall wayes,
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assayes,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euery part
Stroue to resist the motions of her heart,
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such,
As might haue made heauen stoope to haue a touch,
Did she vp hold to *Venus*, and againe,

Vow'd ſpotleſſe chaſtitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beates downe her prayers with his wings,
Her vowes ahoue the empty ayre he flings,
All deepe enrag'd, his ſinowie bow he bent,
And ſhot a ſhaft, that burning from him went,
Wherewith ſhe ſtroken look't ſo dolefully,
As made Loue ſigh, to ſee his tyrannie.
And as ſhe wept her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd;
Then toward the Palace of the Deſtinies,
Laden with languiſhment, and griefe he flies,
And to thoſe ſterne Nymphs, humbly made requeſt,
Both might enioy each other, and be bleſt,
But with a gaſtly, dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thouſand deaths at euery glance,
They anſwered Loue, nor would vouchſafe ſo much
As one poore word, their hate to him was ſuch:
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why,
Heauens winged Herald, *Ioue-borne Mercury*,
The ſelfe-ſame day that he a ſleep had laid
Inchanted *Argus* ſpyed a country Maid,
Whoſe careleſſe haire, in ſtead of pearle t'adorne it,
Gliſtred with dew, as one that ſeem'd to ſcorne it,
Her breath as fragrant as the morning roſe,
Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to gloſe.
Yet proud ſhe was, (for lofty pride that dwels
In towred Courts, is oft in Shepheards cels.

And too too well the faire Vermilion knew,
And ſiluer tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The loue of euery Swaine: On her this god
Enamoured was and vvith his Snaky rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her ſtay,
The while vpon the hillocke downe he lay,
And ſweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with ſmooth ſpeech her fancy to aſſay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her faſt;
And then he woo'd with kiſſes, and at laſt,
As Shepheards doe, her on the ground he laid,
Aud tumbling on the graſſe, he often ſtraid
Beyond the bounds of ſhame, in being bold
To eye thoſe parts which no eye ſhould behold,
And like an inſolent commanding louer,
Boaſting his parentage, vvould needs diſcouer
The way to new *Elizium*: but ſhe,
Whoſe onely dower vvas her Chaſtitie,
Hauing ſtriu'n in vaine, was now about to cry,
And craue the helpe of Shepherds that were nie.
Herewith he ſtay'd his fury and began,
To giue her leaue to riſe: away ſhee ran,
After vvent *Mercury*, vvho vs'd ſuch cunning,
As ſhe to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not vvonne by bruitiſh force and might,
But ſpeeches full of pleaſure and delight,
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad

That she such louelinesse and beauty had,
As could prouoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would deny, nor grant his sute.
Still vow'd he loue, she wanting no excuse,
To feed him with delayes, as women vse,
Or thirsting after immortalitie,
All women are ambitious naturally,
Impos'd vpon her louer such a taske,
As he ought not performe nor yet she aske,
A draught of flowing *Nectar*, she requested,
Wherewith the King of gods and men is feasted.
He ready to accomplish what she will'd,
Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe*, *Ioues* cup fill'd:
And gaue it to his simple rustike Loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Ioue*?)
He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious,
Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*, (here,
And thrusts him downe from heauen, he wandring
In mournefull tearmes, with sad and heauy cheere,
Complain'd to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,
To be reueng'd on *Ioue*, did vndertake,
And those on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I meane the admantine Destinies,
He wounds with loue, and forst them equally,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercury*,
They offered him the deadly fatall knife,
That sheares the slender threds of humane life.

At his faire feathered feet, the engins laid,
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-waid,
These he regarded not, but did entreat
That *Ioue*, Vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops* began their golden raigne.
Murder, rape, warre, lust and treacherie,
Were with *Ioue* clos'd in Stygian Emperie.
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purpose got,
He rechlesse of his promise, did despise
The loue of th'euerlasting destinies.
They seeing it; both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place restord.
And that but learning in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the seat of *Ioue* it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and pouertie should alwaies kisse:
And to this day is euery Scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Boore;
Likewise, the angry sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselues on *Hermes* haue concluded,
That *Midas* brood shall sit in honors chaire,

To which the Muſes ſonnes are onely heire,
And fruitfull wits that in aſpiring are,
Shall diſcontent runne into regions farre,
And few great Lords in vertuous deedes ſhall ioy,
Eut be ſurpriz'd with euery gariſh toy,
And ſtill inrich the lofty ſeruile Clowne,
VVho with incroching guile, keeps learning down.
Then muſe not *Cupids* ſuit no better ſped,
Seeing in their loues the *Fates* vvere iniured.

The ende of the firſt Seſtyad.

The Argument of the ſecond SESTYAD.

Hero *of loue takes deeper ſence,*
And doth her loue more recompence,
Their firſt nights meeting, where ſweet kiſſes
Are th'onely crownes of both their bliſſes.
He ſwims i' Abydus, *and returnes,*
Cold Neptune *with his beauty burnes,*
Whoſe ſuit he ſhuns, and doth aſpire
Heroes *faire tower, and his deſire.*

BY this ſad *Hero* with loue vnacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted:
He kiſt her, and breath'd life into her lips,

Where

Wherewith as one displeasd away she trips,
Yet as she vvent, full often lookt behind,
And many poore excuses did she find,
To linger by the vvay, and once she stayd,
And vvould haue turn'd againe but vvas afrayd,
In offering parly, to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted Fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a Nouice knew not what she meant;
But stay'd, and after her a Letter sent:
Which ioyfull *Hero* answered in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall Graces lock their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
VVide open stood the doore, he neede not clime;
And she her selfe before the pointed time,
Had spred the boord, with roses strowed the roome,
And oft lookt out, and mus'd he did not come;
At last he came: O who can tell the greeting,
These greedy Louers had at their first meeting?
He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denyed,
Both to each other quickly were affyed
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet.

For

For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* raiſ'd,
Where fancy is in equall ballance paiſ'd)
Yet ſhe this raſhnes ſodainly repented,
And turn'd aſide, and to her ſelfe lamented;
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
By being poſſeſt of him for whom ſhe long'd:
I, and ſhe wiſht, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull god of amorous pleaſure ſmil'd,
To ſee how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd;
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe, that it might mount the higher.
Now waxt ſhe iealous, leſt his loue abated,
Fearing her owne thoughts made her to be hated;
Therefore vnto him haſtily ſhe goes,
And like light *Salmaſis* her body throes
Vpon his boſome, where with yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her ſelfe a ſacrifice,
To ſlake his anger, if he were diſpleaſ'd;
O what god would not therewith be appeaſ'd?
Like *Aeſops* Cocke, this iewell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his ſiſter toyed,
Suppoſing nothing elſe was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wonne;
But know you not that creatures vvanting ſence,
By nature haue a mutuall appetence,
And wanting organs to aduance a ſtep,

Mou'd by Loues force, vnto each other leap,
Much more in ſubiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect,
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero* nothing ſaw,
That might delight him more, yet he ſuſpected,
Some amorous rites or other vvere neglected:
Therefore vnto his body, hers he clung,
She, fearing on the Ruſhes to be flung,
Striu'd vvith redoubled ſtrength, the more ſhe ſtri-(ued,
The more a gentle pleaſing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers knovv;
And now the ſame gan ſo to ſcorch and glovv,
As in plaine tearmes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwayes makes thoſe eloquent that haue it:
She, vvith a kind of granting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himſelfe moſt nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* ſhe fled,
And ſeeming lauiſh, ſau'd her Maiden-head:
Ne're King more ſought to keepe his Diademe,
Than *Hero* this ineſtimable gemme.
Aboue our life vve loue a ſtedfaſt friend,
Yet vvhen a token of great vvorth vve ſend,
We often kiſſe it, often looke thereon,
And day the meſſenger that vvould be gon:
No marueſl then, though *Hero* vvould not yeeld
So ſoone to part from that ſhe dearely held.

Iewvels been loſt are found againe, this neuer,
Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for euer.
Novv had the morne eſpy'd her louers ſteeds,
VVhereat ſhee ſtarts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that hee ſtayd ſo long,
All headlong throwes her ſelfe the clouds among,
And now *Leander* fearing to be miſt,
Imbrac't her ſodainly, tooke leaue, and kiſt.
Long was he taking leaue, and loth to goe,
And kiſt againe as Louers vſe to doe:
Sad *Hero* vvrung him by the hand and vvept,
Saying; Let your vowes and promiſes be kept.
Then ſtanding at the doore, ſhe turn'd about,
As loth to ſee *Leander* going out.
And now the ſunne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying theſe Louers, downvvards creepes.
So that in ſilence of the clowdy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight:
But vvhat the ſecret truſtie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit ſoone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonnet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband wound,
Wherwith ſhe wreath'd her largely ſpreading haire;
Nor could the youth abſtaine, but he muſt weare
The ſacred Ring wherewith ſhe vvas endovv'd,
VVhen firſt religious chaſtitie ſhe vovv'd,
Which made his loue through *Seſtos* to be knowne,

And thence vnto *Abydus* ſooner blowne,
Than he could ſayle, for incorporeall Fame,
Whoſe weight conſiſts in nothing but her name,
Is ſwifter than the wind, whoſe tardy plumes
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came he ſeem'd not to be there,
But like exiled ayre thruſt from his ſphere,
Set in a forren place, and ſtraight from thence,
Alcides-like by mighty violence,
He would haue chac'd away the ſwelling Maine
That him from her vniuſtly did detaine:
Like as the Sunne in a Diameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly ſhining lat'rally,
So beauty ſweetly quickens when it's nie;
But being ſeperated and remoued,
Burnes where it cheriſht, murders where it loued:
Therefore, euen as an *Index* to a booke,
So to his mind was young *Leanders* looke;
O none haue power but gods their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is deſcride.
The light of hidden fire it ſelfe diſcouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betrayes poore louers.
His ſecret flame apparantly was ſeene,
Leanders father knew where he had been,
And for the ſame mildly rebuk'd his ſonne,
Thinking to quench the ſparkles new begunne.

But loue reſiſted once, growes paſsionate,
And nothing more then counſell louers hate:
For, as a hot proud horſe highly diſdaines
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his houes
Checkes the ſubmiſsiue ground: ſo he that loues,
The more he is reſtrain'd, the worſe he fares;
What is it now, but madd *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'd full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where hauing ſpide her tower, long ſtar'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling *Helleſpont*
To part in twaine, that he might come and go.
But ſtill the riſing billowes anſwered no;
With that he ſtript him to the yu'ry skin,
And crying, Loue, I come, leapt liuely in:
Whereat the Saphyr-viſag'd god grew proud,
And made his capring *Triton* ſound aloud,
Imagining that *Ganimed* diſpleaſ'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him he ſeaz'd:
Leander ſtriu'd, the vvaues about him vvound,
And puld him to the bottome, vvhere the ground
Was ſtrewd vvith pearle, and in lovv corrall groues,
Svvet ſinging Mermayds ſported vvith their loues,
On heapes of heauy gold, and tooke great pleaſure,
To ſpurne in careleſſe ſort the ſhipwrackt treaſure:
For here the ſtately azure palace ſtood,

Where Kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The lusty god imbrac't him, call'd him Loue,
And swore he neuer should returne to *Ioue*:
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
For vnder water he was almost dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold vvaues with his triple Mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being vp, began to swim,
And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.
VVhereat agast, the poore soule gan to cry.
O let me visit *Hero* ere I dye:
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And swore the Sea should neuer doe him harme.
He claps his plumpt cheekes, with his tresses playd,
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd;
He watcht his armes, and as they open'd wide,
At euery stroke betwixt them would he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then runne out and dance,
And as he turn'd cast many a lustfull glance,
And threw him gawdy toyes to please his eie
And diue into the vvater, and there prie
Vpon his brest, his thighes, and euery lim,
And vp againe, and close beside him swim:
And talke of Loue; *Leander* made reply,
You are deceiu'd, I am no vvoman I.

Thereat ſmil'd *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
How that a Shepheard ſitting in a vale,
Playd with a boy, ſo louely faire and kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pin'd,
That of the cooling riuer durſt not drinke,
Leſt water-Nymphs ſhould pul him from the brink;
And when he ſported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs, and vpſtarting Fawnes
Would ſteale him thence, ere halfe his tale was done.
Ay me, *Leander* cry'd, th'enamoured ſunne,
That now ſhould ſhine on *Thetis* glaſſy bower,
Deſcends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
O that theſe tardy armes of mine were wings!
And as he ſpake, vpon the waues he ſprings;
Neptune was angry that he gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice beare:
He flung at him his Mace, but as it went,
He call'd it in, for loue made him repent.
The Mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this freſh-bleeding wound *Leander* view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he rew'd
The griefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle breſts,
Relenting thoughts, remorſe and pitty reſts.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illiter'at Hinds?
The god ſeeing him with pitty to be moued,

There-

Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,)
With folly and falſe hope deluding vs.
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to ſurprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
Tis wiſdome to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perſwading oratorie failes.
By this, *Leander* being neere the land,
Caſt downe his weary feet, and felt the ſand,
Breathleſſe albeit he were, he reſted not
Till to the ſolitarie tower he got:
And knockt, and call'd, at which celeſtiall noyſe,
The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioyes, (rings,
Then Nymphes and Shepheards, when the tymbrell
Or crooked Dolphin, when the Sayler ſings:
She ſtayd not for her robes, but ſtraight aroſe,
And drunke with gladneſſe, to the dore ſhe goes,
Where ſeing a naked man, ſhe ſcriecht for feare;
Such ſights as this to tender maids are rare,
And ranne into the darke her ſelfe to hide,
Rich Iewels in the darke are ſooneſt ſpide.
Vnto her was he led, or rather drawne, (lawne;
By thoſe white lims which ſparkled through the
The neerer that he came, the more ſhe fled,
And ſeeking refuge, ſlipt in to her bed,
Whereon *Leander* ſitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan,

If

If not for loue, yet loue for pitty ſake,
Me in thy bed and mayden boſome take,
At leaſt, vouchſafe theſe armes ſome little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cheerely ſwome.
This head was beat with many a churliſh billow,
And therefore let it reſt vpon thy pillow.
Herewith affrighted *Hero* ſhrunke away,
And in her lukewarme place *Leander* lay,
Whoſe liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
Would animate groſſe clay, and higher ſet
The dropping thoughts of baſe declining ſoules,
Then drery *Mars* carowſing *Nectar* boules.
His hands he caſt vpon her like a ſnare:
She ouercome with ſhame and ſhallow feare,
Like chaſt *Diana* when *Acteon* ſpide her,
Being ſodainely betray'd, diu'd downe to hide her,
And as her ſiluer body downeward went,
With both her hands ſhe made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her ſelfe ſecure,
Orecaſt with dim and darkſome couerture;
And now ſhe lets him whiſper in her eare.
Flatter, intreat, promiſe, proteſt, and ſweare:
Yet euer as he greedily aſſayd
To touch thoſe dainties, ſhe the *Harpey* playd,
And euery limme did as a Souldier ſtout,
Defend the Fort, and keepe the Foe men out.
For though the riſing Yu'ry mount he ſcal'd,

Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue ſayles to regions full of blis?)
Yet there with *Lyſiphus* he toyld in vaine,
Till gentle parly did the truce obtaine.
She trembling ſtroue, this ſtrife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treaſon was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her ſelfe ſhe ſought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon ſhe was at length:
In ſuch warres, women vſe but halfe their ſtrength,
Leander now like *Theban Hercules*,
Entred the Orchard of th'*Heſperides*.
Whoſe fruit none rightly can deſcribe but he,
That puls or ſhakes it from the golden tree;
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering breſt,
Breathleſſe, ſpoke ſomething, and ſigh'd out the reſt,
Which ſo preuail'd, as he with ſmall adoe
Incloſ'd her in his armes, and kiſt her too,
And euery kiſſe to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a freſh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and ſhe alas,
(Poore ſilly maiden) at his mercy was.
Loue is not full of pitty (as men ſay)
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.

And now ſhe wiſht this night vvere neuer done,
And ſigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching ſunne;
For much it grieu'd her that the bright day-light,
Should knovv the pleaſure of this bleſſed night,
And then like *Mars* and *Erixine* diſplayd,
Both in each others armes chain'd as they layd.
Againe, ſhe knevv not hovv to frame her looke,
Or ſpeake to him, vvho in a moment tooke
That which ſo long ſo charily ſhe kept,
And faine by ſtealth avvay ſhe would haue crept,
And to ſome corner ſecretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone;
But as her naked feet vvere whipping out,
He on the ſodaine cling'd her ſo about
That Meremayd-like vnto the floore ſhe ſlid,
One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed ſhe (bluſhing) ſtood vpright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twi-light break, which through the haire,
As from an orient cloud, glimſe here and there.
And round about the chamber this falſe morne,
Brought forth the day before the day was borne.
So *Hero's* ruddy cheeke, *Hero* betrayd,
And her all naked to his ſight diſplayd.
Whence his admiring eyes more pleaſure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heaps of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,

To ſound foorth muſicke to the Ocean,
Which watchfull *Heſperus* no ſooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ranne before as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,
Till ſhe orecome vvith anguiſh, ſhame and rage,
Dang'd downe to hell her lo:hſome carriage.

The ende of the ſecond Seſtyad.

The Argument of the third Seſtyad.

Leander *to the enuious light*
Reſignes his night. ſports with the night,
And ſwimmes the Helleſpont *againe,*
Theſme *the deitie ſoueraigne*
Of cuſtomes and religious rights,
Appeares, improuing his delights,
Since Nuptiall honors be neglected,
Which ſtraight he vowes ſhall be effected.
Faire Hero *left Deuirginate*
Waies, and with fury wailes her ſtate:
But with her loue, and womans wit,
She argues, and approueth it.

NEw light giues new directions, Fortunes new
To faſhion our endeauours that enſue.

More harſh (at leaſt more hard) more graue and hie,
Our ſubiect runs, and our ſterne Muſe muſt flye,
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Thoſe thoughts, ioyes, longings, that before became
High vnexperienc'd bloud and made ſharpe plights,
Muſt now grow ſtay'd, and cenſure the delights,
That being enioy'd, aske iudgement, now we praiſe,
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the dayes.

And now ye wanton loues, and young deſires,
Pyed vanitie, the mint of ſtrange attires,
Ye liſping flatteries, and obſequious glances,
Relentfull Muſicks, and attractiue dances,
And you deteſted Charmes conſtraing loue,
Shun loues ſtolne ſports, by that theſe Louers proue,

By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,
And young *Leander*, Lord of his Deſires,
Together from their Louers armes aroſe,
Leander into *Helleſpontus* throwes
His *Hero*-handled body, whoſe delight,
Made him diſdaine each other Epithite.
And as amid'ſt the enamoured waues he ſwims,
The god of gold of purpoſe guilt his lims,
That this worde guilt including double ſence,
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,
Might be expreſt, that had no ſtay t'imploy
The treaſure which the Loue-god let him ioy
In his deare *Hero*, with ſuch ſacred thrift,

As had beſeem'd ſo ſanctified a gift,
But like a greedy vulgar Prodigall,
Would on the ſtocke diſpend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that vnbleſſed bleſsing,
Which for luſts plague doth periſh with poſſeſsing.
Ioy grauen in ſenſe, like ſnow in water waſts,
Without preſerue of vertue nothing laſts.
What man is he that with a wealthy eye,
Enioyes a beauty richer then the sky? (ſleepe,
Through whoſe white skin, ſofter then the ſoundeſt
With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peepe,
And runns in branches through her azure veines,
Whoſe mixture and firſt fire his loue attaines,
Whoſe both hands limit, both Loues deities,
And ſweeten humane thoughts like Paradiſe,
VVhoſe diſpoſition ſilken is and kinde,
Directed with an earth exempted minde,
Who thinks not heauen with ſuch a loue is giuen?
And who like earth would ſpend that power of
VVith ranke deſire to ioy it all at firſt? (heauen,
VVhat ſimply kils our hunger, quencheth thirſt,
Cloathes but our nakedneſſe, and makes vs liue:
Praiſe doth not any of her fauours giue.
But what doth plentifully miniſter
Beauteous apparell, and delicious cheere,
So ordered, that it ſtill excites deſire,
And ſtill giues pleaſure freeneſſe to aſpire.

The palme of *Bounty*, euer moist preseruing,
To loues sweet life, this is the courtly carriage.
Thus *Time*, and all-states-ordering *Ceremonie*
Had banisht all offence; *Times* golden Thie
*V*pholds the flowrie body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and euery birth
Of men, and actions makes legitimate
Being vs'd aright, *the vse of time is fate.*
Yet did the gentle flood transferre once more,
This prize of Loue home to his fathers shore,
Where he vnlades himselfe of that false wealth
That makes few rich, treasures compos'd by stealth,
And to his sister kind *Hermione*,
(VVho on the shore kneeled, praying to the Sea
For his returne) he all Loues good did shew
In *Hero* seaz'd for him, in him for *Hero*.
His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her singing like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth that to their tombes tooke in
Streames dead for loue, to leaue his yuory skin,
VVhich yet a snowy forme did leaue aboue.
As soule to the dead water that did loue,
And from thence did the first white Roses spring,
(For loue is sweet and faire in euery thing)
And all the sweetned shore as he did goe,
VVas crown'd with odorous Roses vvhite as snow.
Loue-blest *Leander* vvas vvith loue so filled,

That

That loue to all that toucht him he inſtilled.
And as the colour of all things we ſee,
To our ſights powers communicated be;
So to all obiects, that in compaſſe came,
Of any ſenſe he had, his ſenſes flame
Flow'd from his parts, with force ſo virtuall,
It fir'd with ſence things meere inſenſuall
Now (with warme baths and odors comforted)
When he lay downe he kindly kiſt his bed,
As conſecrating it to *Heroes* right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whateuer ſight,
Put him in mind of *Hero* or her bliſſe,
Should be the altar to preferre a kiſſe.
Then laid he forth his late inriched armes,
In whoſe white circle Loue writ all his Charmes,
And made his Characters ſweet *Heroes* lims,
When on his breſts warme ſea ſhe ſideling ſwims,
And as thoſe armes (held vp in circle) met,
He ſaid, See, Siſter, *Heroes* Carquenet,
Which we had rather weare about her necke,
Then all the Iewels that doe *Iuno* decke.
But as ſhe ſhooke with paſsionate deſire,
To put in flame his other ſecret fire,
A muſicke ſo diuine did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his raviſht ſenſe hid heare,
When ſuddenly a light of twenty hiews (views.
Brake through the roofe, and like the Rainebow

Amazed

Amaz'd *Leander*, in whose beames came downe
The goddesse *Ceremony* with a Crowne
Of all the starres, and heauen with her descended,
Her flaming haire to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of Deities,
And in a chaine compact of eares and eyes,
She led Religion, all her body was
Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse,
For as she was presented to the sence,
Deuotion, Order, State and Reuerence,
Her shadowes were, Society, Memory,
All which her sight made liue, her absence dye.
A rich disparent Pentacle she weares,
Drawne full of circles, and strange characters,
Her face was changeable to euery eye,
One way lookt ill, another graciously, (holy,
Which while men view'd, they cheerefull were and
But looking off, vicious and melancholy:
The snaky paths to each obserued law,
Did *Policy* in her broad bosome draw,
One hand a Mathematicke Cristall swayes,
VVhich gathering in one line a thousand rayes,
From her bright eyes, *Confusion* burnes to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it *Morality* and *Comelinesse*,
Themselues in all their sightly figures dresse,
Her other hand a Lawrell rod applyes,

To beat backe *Barbariſme* and *Auarice*,
That followed eating earth and excrement,
And humane lims, and would make proud aſcent
To ſeates of gods, were *Ceremony* ſlaine,
The *Houres* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,
And all the ſweets of our ſociety,
Were ſpher'd and treaſur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus ſhe appear'd, and ſharpely did reproue
Leanders bluntneſſe in his violent loue,
Told him how poore was ſubſtance without rites,
Like Bils vnſign'd, deſires without delites;
Like meates vnſeaſon'd, like ranke corne that growes
On cottages, that none or reapes or ſowes,
Not being with ciuill formes confirm'd & bounded,
For humane dignities and comforts founded:
But looſe and ſecret all their glories hide:
Feare fils the chamber, darkneſſe decks the Bride.
She vaniſht, leauing pearſt *Leanders* heart
With ſence of his vnceremonious part;
In which, with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He cloſe and flatly fell to his delites:
And inſtantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married ſtate;
So vp he gets, and to his father goes,
To whoſe glad eares he doth his vowes diſcloſe:
The Nuptials are reſolu'd with vtmoſt pow'r,
And he at night would ſwim to *Heroes* tow'r.

From whence he meant to *Seſtos* forked Bay
To bring her couertly, where Ships muſt ſtay,
Sent by her father throughly rigg'd and mand,
To waft her ſafely to *Abydus* ſtrand.
There leaue we him, and with freſh wing purſue
Aſtoniſht *Hero*, whoſe moſt wiſhed view
I thus long haue forborne, becauſe I left her,
So out of countenance, and her ſpirits bereft her.
To looke on one abaſht is impudence,
When of ſlight faults he hath too deepe a ſence.
Her bluſhing het her chamber, ſhe lookt out,
And all the aire ſhe purpled round about,
And after it a foule blacke day befell,
Which euer ſince a red morne doth foretell,
And ſtill renues our woes for *Heroes* vvoe,
And foule it prou'd becauſe it figur'd ſo,
The next nights horrour, which prepare to heare,
I faile, if it prophane your daintieſt eare.
Then hovv moſt ſtrangely, intellectuall fire,
That proper to my ſoule haſt power t'inſpire
Her burning faculties, and with the vvings
Of thy vnſpheared flame viſitſt the ſprings
Of ſpirits immortall. Nowv (as ſvvift as time
Doth follow Motion) find th'eternall clime
Of his free ſoule, whoſe liuing ſubiect ſtood
Vp to the chin in the Pyerean flood,
And drunke to me halfe this Muſean ſtory,

Inſcribing it to deathleſſe memory,
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe,
That neithers draught be conſecrate to ſleepe.
Tell it how much his late deſires I tender,
(If yet I know not) and to delight ſurrender
My ſoules darke off-ſpring, willing it ſhould die
To loues, to paſsions, and ſociety.

Swet *Hero* left vpon her bed alone,
Her maiden-head, her vowes, *Leander* gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crie
Of new-come thoughts, that yet ſhe neuer knew;
Euen to her ſelfe a ſtranger was, much like
Th'*Iberian* City, that vvars hand did ſtrike
By Engliſh force, in princely *Eſſex* guide,
When peace aſſur'd her towers had fortified,
And golden ſinged *Ianus* had beſtow'd
Such wealth on her, that ſtrength and Empire flowd
Into her turrets, and her virgin vvaſte,
The wealthy girdle of the ſea imbraſte,
Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*,
For ſoft loue ſuites, with yron thunders chid:
Swum to her towres, diſſolu'd her virgins zone,
Led in his power, and made Confuſion
Run through her ſtreets amaz'd, that ſhe ſuppoſ'd
She had not been in her owne vvals incloſ'd,
But rapt by wonder to ſome forraine ſtate,
Seeing all her iſſue ſo diſconſolate,

And all her peacefull manſions poſſeſt
With wars iuſt ſpoyle, and many a forraine gheſt,
From euery corner driuing an enioyer,
Supplying it with power of a Deſtroyer.
So far'd faire *Hero* in th'expugned ſort
Of her chaſte boſome, and of euery fort
Strange thoughts poſſeſt her, ranſacking her breſt,
For that which was not there, her wonted reſt.
She vvas a mother ſtraight, and bore with paine,
Thoughts that ſpake ſtraight, and wiſht their mother ſlaine.
She hates their liues, & they their own & hers:
Such ſtrife ſtill growes where ſin the race preferres.

Loue is a golden bubble, full of dreames,
That vaking breakes, and fils vs with extreames.

She mus'd how ſhe could looke vpon her fire,
And not ſhew that without, that was intire.
For as a glaſſe is an inanimate eye,
And outvvard formes imbraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glaſſe that ſhovves,
Informes vvithout vs. And as *Phœbus* throvves
His beames abroad, though he in clouds be cloſ'd,
Still glancing by them, till he finde oppoſ'd,
A looſe and rorid vapour, that is fit
T'euent his ſearching beames, and vſeth it
To forme a tender twenty-couloured eye,
Caſt in a circle round about the skie.
So when our fiery ſoule our bodies ſtarre,

(That euer is in motion circular)
Conceiues a forme, in ſeeking to diſplay it,
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth conuay it
Forth at the eye, as the moſt pregnant place,
*A*nd that reflects it round about the face.
*A*nd this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks haue wrought;
For yet the worlds ſtale cunning ſhe reſiſted, (ſted,
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what looks ſhe li-
And held it for a very ſilly ſleight,
To make a perfect metall counterfeit,
Glad to diſclaime her ſelfe, proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pander to the heart,
Thoſe be his painted Moones, whoſe lights profane
Beauties true heauen, at full ſtill in their wane.
Thoſe be the Lapwing faces that ſtill cry,
Here'tis, when that they vow, is nothing nye.
Baſe fooles, when euery moriſh foole can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach,
But cuſtome that the Apoplexie is,
Of bedred nature, and liues led amis,
*A*nd takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not *Heroes* brovv vvith impudence:
And this ſhe thought moſt hard to bring to pas.
To ſeeme in countenance other then ſhe was;
As if ſhe had two ſoules, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they ſhifted place,

As either liſt to vtter or conceale
What they conceiu'd, or as one ſoule did deale
With both affaires at once, keepes and eiects
Both at an inſtant contrary affects,
Retention and eiection in her powrs
Being acts alike, for this one vice of ours.
That forms the thought, & ſwayes the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our vtterance.
These and more graue conceits toild *Hero's* ſpirits:
For though the light of her diſcourſiue wits,
Perhaps might finde ſome little hole to paſſe
Through all theſe worldly cinctures, yet (alas)
There was a heauenly flame incompaſt her,
Her goddeſſe, in whoſe Phane ſhe did preferre
Her virgin vowes, from vvhoſe impulſiue ſight,
She knevv, the blacke ſhield of the darkeſt night
Could not defend her, nor wits ſubtill'ſt art:
This vvas the point pierſt *Hero* to the heart,
Who heauy to the death, with a deepe ſigh
And hand that languiſht, tooke a robe vvas nigh
Exceeding large, and of blacke Cypres made,
In vvhich ſhe ſate, had from the day in ſhade,
Euen ouerhead and face downe to the feet;
Her left hand made it at her boſome meet:
Her right hand lean'd on her heart bowing knee,
Wrapt in vnſhapefull folds, vvas death to ſee
Her knee ſtayd that, and that her falling face

Each

Each lim helpt other to put on disgrace.
No forme was seene, where forme held all her sight,
But like an Embrion that saw neuer light,
Or like a scorched Statue made a cole
With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soule
Muffled with endlesse darknesse, she did sit,
The night had neuer such a heauy spirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well see,
How fast her cleare teares melted on her knee,
Through her blacke vaile, and turnd as blacke as it,
Mourning to be her teares, then wrought her wit,
With her broke vow, her goddesse wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous despaire could frame.
Which made her strow the floore with her torn hair,
And spred her mantle peece-meale in the aire,
Like *Ioues* sons club, strong passion strook her down,
And with a pittious shrieke inforst her swoune,
Her shrieke, made with another shrieke ascend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend;
And as with her owne cry, the sense was slaine,
So with the other it was call'd againe.
She rose, and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down, euen where *Leander* lay:
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with *Leander*, but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in
With child of sayle, and did hot fight begin,

With those seuere conceits, she too much markt,
And here *Leanders* beauties were imbacke:
He came in swimming painted all with ioyes,
Such as might sweeten hell, his thought destroyes;
All her destroying thoughts she thought she felt,
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chide her soule that it could so much erre,
To checke the true ioyes she deseru'd in her,
Her fresh heat bloud cast figures in her eyes,
And she suppos'd she saw in *Neptunes* skies,
How her starre wandred, washt in smarting brine,
For her loues sake, that with immortall wine,
Should be imbath'd and swim in more hearts ease,
Then there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her *Cupid*-prompted spirit, Shall I
Sing mones to such delight some harmony?
Shall slick-tong'd fame patcht vp with voyces rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father iudgement is away,
And gossip-like, sayes because others say,
Take newes, as if it were too hot to eate,
And spits it slauering foorth for dog-fees meat,)
Make me for forging a phantasticke vow,
Presume to beare what makes graue Matrons bow?
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad, vowes are but seeds,
& good deeds fruits, euē those good deeds that grow

From other ſtocks, then from th'obſerued vow.
That is a good deed that preuents a bad.
Had I not yeelded, ſlaine my ſelfe I had.
Hero Leander is, *Leander*, *Hero*,
Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.
If then *Leander* did my maiden-head git,
Leanders being my ſelfe, I ſtill retaine it.
We breake chaſte vowes when we liue looſely euer,
But bound as we are, we liue looſely neuer.
Two conſtant Louers being ioyn'd in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
VVe know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer bind vs.
Too true it is, that when 'tis gone, men hate.
The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues eſtate,
But that's, ſince they haue loſt, the heauenly light
Should ſhew them way to iudge of all things right.
When life is gone death muſt implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, ſo loue to error:
Before we loue, how range we through this ſphere,
Searching the ſundry fancies hunted here,
Now with deſire of vvealth tranſported quite
Beyond our free humanities delight.
Now with ambition climing falling towres,
Whoſe hope to ſcale, our feare to fall deuoures,
Now rapt with paſtimes, pompe, all ioyes impure,
In thing without vs, no delight is ſure.

But

But loue with all ioyes crown'd, within doth ſit.
O goddeſſe pitty, loue and pardon it.
Thus ſpake he weeping, but her goddeſſe eare
Burnd with too ſterne a heat, and would not heare.
Aye me, hath heauens ſtraight fingers no more gra-
For ſuch a *Hero*, then for homelieſt faces? (ces.
Yet he hop'd well, and in her ſweet conceit
Waying her arguments, ſhe thought them weight,
And that the Logicke of *Leanders* beauty,
And them together would bring proofes of duty;
And if her ſoule that was a skilfull glance
Of heauens great eſſence, found ſuch imperance
In her loues beauties, ſhe had confidence,
Ioue lou'd him too, and pardon'd her offence.

Beauty in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It ſupples rigour, and it leſſens ſinne.

Thus her ſharpe vvit, her loue, her ſecreſie,
Trouping together, made her wonder vvhy
She ſhould not leaue her bed, and to the temple?
Her health, ſaid ſhe, muſt liue, her ſex diſſemble;
She view'd *Leanders* place, and wiſht he were,
Turn'd to hi place, ſo his place vvere *Leander*.
Aye me (ſaid ſhe) that loues ſweet loue and ſenſe
Should doe it harme, my loue had not gone hence,
Had he beene like his place. O bleſſed place,
Image of Conſtancy. Thus my loues grace
Parts no where, but it leaues ſomething behind,

Worth obſeruation: he renownes his kind,
His motion is like heauens Orbiculer,
For vvhere he once is, he is euer there.
This place vvas mine, *Leander*, now 'tis thine,
Thou being my ſelfe, then it is double mine,
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.
O ſee vvhat vvealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him,
For I am in it, he for me doth ſvvim.
Rich fruitfull loue, that doubling ſelfe eſtates,
Elixer-like contracts, though ſeparates.
Deare place, I kiſſe thee, and doe welcome thee,
As from *Leander* euer ſent to me.

The ende of the ſecond Seſtyad.

The Argument of the third Seſtyad.

Hero *in ſacred habite decke,*
Doth priuate ſacrifice effect.
Her Skarfes deſcription wrought by fate,
Oſtents *that threaten her eſtate.*
The ſtrange, yet Phyſicall euents,
Leanders *counterfeit preſents,*
In thunder, Cyprides *deſcends,*
Preſaging both the louers ends:
Ecte *the goddeſſe of remorſe,*

With vocall and articulate force
Inſpires Leucote, Venus *ſwan*,
T'excuſe the beauteous Seſtian.
Venus, *to wreke her rites abuſes*,
Creates the monſter Eronoſus;
Inflaming Heroes *ſacrifice*,
With lightening darted from her eyes,
And thereof ſprings the painted beaſt,
That euer ſince taints euery breaſt.

NOvv from *Leanders* place ſhe roſe and found
Her haire & rent robe ſcattered on the ground
Which taking vp, ſhe euery piece did lay
Vpon an Altar, where, in youth of day
She vſde t'exhibite priuate ſacrifice:
Thoſe would ſhe offer to the Deities
Of her faire goddeſſe, and her powerfull ſonne,
As relikes of her late felt paſsion,
And in that holy ſort ſhe vow'd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,
As they ſhould in the flames ſhe meant t'inſpire.
Then put ſhe on all her religious weeds,
That deckt her in her ſecret ſacred deeds,
A crowne of Iſickles, that ſunne nor fire
Could euer melt, and figur'd ſtrange deſire.
A golden ſtarre ſhin'd in her naked breſt,
In honour of the Queen-light of the Eaſt.
In her right hand ſhe held a ſiluer wand,

On whoſe bright top *Periſtera* did ſtand,
Who was a Nymph, but now tranſform'd a Doue,
And in her life was deare in *Venus* loue:
And for her ſake ſhe euer ſince that time (blue clime;
Chuſ'd Doues to draw her coach through heauens
Her plenteous haire in curled billowes ſwims
On her bright ſhoulder, her harmonious lims,
Suſtain'd no more but a moſt ſubtill vaile
That hung on them, as it durſt not aſſaile
Their different concord: for the weakeſt aire
Could raiſe it ſwelling from her beauteous faire,
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onely
Her moſt heart-piercing parts, that a bleſt eye,
Might ſee (as it did ſhadow) fearefully,
All that all loue-deſeruing Paradiſe,
It vvas as blue as the moſt freezing skies,
Neere the ſeas hiew, from thence her goddeſſe came,
On it a skarfe ſhe wore of wondrous frame,
In midſt whereof ſhe wrought a Virgins face,
From whoſe each cheeke a fiery bluſh did chaſe,
Two crimſon flames, that did two wayes extend,
Spreading the ample skarfe to either end,
Which figur'd the diuiſion of her mind,
Whiles yet ſhe reſted baſhfully inclin'd,
And ſtood not reſolute to wed *Leander*.
This ſeru'd her white necke for a purple ſphere,
And cait it ſelfe at full breadth downe her backe.

There (ſince the firſt breath that begun the wracke
Of her free quiet from *Leander* lips)
She wrought a Sea in one flame full of Ships,
But that one Ship where all her wealth did paſſe,
(Like ſimple Merchants goods) *Leander* was;
For in that Sea ſhe naked figured him,
Her diuing needle taught him how to ſwim,
And to each threed did ſuch reſemblance giue,
For ioy to be ſo like him it did liue:
Things ſenſeleſſe liue by Art, and rationall dye,
By rude contempt of art and induſtry.
Scarce could ſhe work, but in her ſtrength of thoght,
She fear'd ſhe prickt *Leander* as ſhe wrought,
And oft would ſhriek ſo, that her Guardian frighted,
Would ſtaring haſte, as with ſome miſchiefe cited.
Thy double life that dead things griefe ſuſtaine,
They kill that feele not their friends liuing paine.
Sometimes ſhe feard he fought her infamy,
And then as ſhe was working of his eye,
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill,
But as ſhe prickt, it grew more perfect ſtill.
Triſling attempts no ſerious acts aduance,
The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.
In working his faire necke ſhe did ſo grace it,
She ſtill was working her owne armes t'imbrace it,
That, and his ſhoulders and his hands were ſeene,
Aboue the ſtreame, and with a pure Sea-greene

She did ſo queintly ſhadow euery lim,
All might be ſeene beneath the waues to ſwim.
In this conceited ſcarfe ſhe wrought beſide
A Moone in change, and ſhooting ſtars did glide,
In number after her with bloody beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames.
Purſuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply:
For maids take more delight when they prepare
And think of wiues ſtates, then when wiues they are
Beneath all theſe, ſhe wrought a Fiſherman,
Drawing his nets from forth the Ocean,
Who drew ſo hard, yet might diſcouer well,
The toughned ſinewes in his necke did ſwell,
His inward ſtraines drue out his blood-ſhot eyes;
And ſprings of ſweat did in his forehead riſe;
Yet was of nought, but of a Serpent ſped,
That in his boſome flew, and ſtung him dead,
And this by fate into her mind was ſent,
Not wrought by meere inſtinct of her intent.
At the Skarfes other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forke point of the diuided flame,
A Countrey Virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulruſhes combine
Snares for the ſtubble-louing Graſhopper.
And by her lay her skrip that nouriſht her.
Within a mirtle ſhade ſhe ſate and ſung,

And tufts of vvauering reeds about her ſprung,
VVhere lurkt two Foxes, that vvhile ſhe applide
Her trifling ſnares their theeueries did diuide
One to the Vine, another to her skrip,
That ſhe did negligently ouerſlip,
By vvhich her fruitfull vine, and vvholſome fare,
She ſuffered ſpoild, to make a childiſh ſnare:
Theſe ominous fancies did her ſoule expreſſe,
And euery finger made a Propheteſſe,
To ſhevv vvhat death vvas hid in loues diſguiſe,
And make her iudgement conquer Deſtinies.
O what ſweet formes faire Ladies ſoules do ſhroud,
Were they made ſeene & forced through their blood
If through their beauties like rich work throgh lawn
They would ſet foorth their mindes with vertues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To ſtill their yas thoughts with induſtry;
That their plyed wits in numbred ſilkes muſt ſing
Paſsions huge conqueſt, and their needleſſe leading
Affection priſoner through their owne built Cities,
Pinnion'd with Stories and Arachnean Ditties.

Proceed we now with *Heroes* ſacrifice,
She odours burnt, and from their ſmoke did riſe
Vnſauory fumes, that ayre with plagues inſpired,
And then the conſecrated ſtickes ſhe fired,
On vvhoſe pale flame an angry ſpirit flevv,
And beat it downe ſtill as it vpward grevv.

The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflam'd them, then they burn'd as blood,
All sad ostents of that too neere successe,
That made such mouing beauties motionlesse:
Then *Hero* wept, but her affrighted eyes,
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt
His louely picture, which (when she had viewed,
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renew'd,
The Odors sweetned, and the fires burn'd cleere,
Leanders forme left no ill obiect there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known,
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits,
For study lost, intomb'd in drosie spirits,
After this accident (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history)
Th' inhabitants of *Sestus* and *Abidus*,
Did euery yeere with feasts propitious
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice,
And they were persons of especiall price,
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' inrich their houses, for the continent
Of the strange vertues all approu'd it held,

For euen the very looke of it repeld
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature,
In those diseases that no herbes could cure
The woolfie sting of auarice it would pull,
And make the rankest Miser bountifull;
It kild the feare of thunder, and of death,
The discords that conceit ingendereth
Twixt Man and Wife, it for the time would cease,
The flames of loue it quencht, and would increase,
Held in a Princes hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st Comet, it would end all doubt
Of threatned mischiefes it would bring asleepe
Such as were mad, it would enforce to weepe
Most barbarous eyes, and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung *Leanders* sects,
Of which was *Hero* first; For he whose forme
(Held in her hand) cleer'd such a fatall storme,
From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and *Hellespont* would quickly send her:
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
All thought of any cheeke to her delite,
And in contempt of silly bashfulnesse
She would the faith of her desires professe,
Where her religion should be policy,
To follow loue with zeale, her piety,
Her Chamber her Cathedrall Church should be,
And her *Leander* her chiefe deitie.

For in her loue theſe did the gods forgoe,
And though her knowledge did not teach her ſo,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greateſt hold in her ſelfe greateſt part,
That ſhe did make her god, and 'twas leſſe nought,
To leaue gods in profeſsion, and in thought,
Than in her loue and life, for therein lies
Moſt of her duties, and their dignities,
And raile the braine-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand Atheiſme that raines in't ſtill.
Yet ſingularity ſhe would vſe no more,
For ſhe was ſingular too much before;
But ſhe would pleaſe the world with faire pretext,
Loue would not leaue her conſcience perplext,
Great men that will haue leſſe doe for them ſtill,
Muſt beare them out, though th' acts be ne're ſo ill.
Meanneſſe muſt Pander be to Excellence,
Pleaſure attones Falſhood and Conſcience,
Diſſembling was the worſt (thought *Hero* then)
And that was beſt, now ſhe muſt liue with men:
O vertuous loue that taught her to doe beſt,
When ſhe did worſt, and when ſhe thought it leaſt.
Thus would ſhe ſtill proceed in workes diuine,
And in her ſacred ſtate of prieſt-hood ſhine,
Handling the holy rites, with hands as bold,
As if therein ſhe did *Ioues* thunder hold,
And need not feare thoſe menaces of errour,

Which ſhe at others threw with greateſt terrour.
O louely *Hero*, nothing is thy ſinne,
Waid with thoſe foule faults other Prieſts are in,
That hauing neither faiths, nor works, not beauties,
T' engender any ſenſe for ſlubberd duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chaires,
And ſweat denouncement 'gainſt profane affaires,
As if their liues were cut out by their places,
And they the onely fathers of the graces.
Now as with ſettled minde ſhe did repaire
Her thoughts to ſacrifice, her rauiſht haire
And her torne robe which on the *Altar* lay,
And onely for Religions fire did ſtay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In ſuch a valley as the world did threaten,
Giuen *Venus* as ſhe parted th' ayry ſpheare,
Diſcending now to chide with *Hero* here,
When ſuddenly the goddeſſe waggoners,
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds boſomes draw her influence,
Lighted in *Hero's* window, and from thence
To her faire ſhoulders flew the gentle doues,
Gracefull *Ædone* that ſweet pleaſure loues,
And ruf-foote *Chreſte* with the tufted crowne,
Both which did kiſſe her, thohh their goddeſſe frown
The Swans did in the ſolid floud her glaſſe
Proine vp their plumes, of which the faireſt was,

Ione lou'd *Leucote*, that pure brightneſſe is;
The other bounty-louing *Dapſilis*.
All were in heauen, now they with *Hero* were,
But *Venus* looke brought wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,
And through her naked breſt ſhin'd ſtreames of fire,
As when the rarefied aire is driuen
In flaſhing ſtreames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreathe of Yew ſhe bore,
And breaking th'icie wreathe ſweet *Hero* wore,
She forſt about her browes her wreathe of Yew,
And ſaid now minion, to thy fate be true,
Though not to me, indure what this portends,
Beginne where lightneſſe will, in ſhame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning, thou art currant now,
By being counterfait, thy broken vow,
Deceit with her pyde garters muſt reioyne,
And with her ſtampe thou count'nances muſt coine
Coyne, and impure deceits for puritics,
And ſtill a Maid will ſeeme in coozened eyes,
And haue an anticke face to laugh within,
While thy ſmooth lookes makes men digeſt thy ſin.
But ſince thy lips (leſt thought forſworne) forſwore,
Be neuer Virgins novv vvith truſting more
When Beauties deareſt did her goddeſſe heare,
Breath ſuch rebukes 'gainſt that ſhe could not cleere,
Dumbe ſorrovv ſpake alowd in teares and blood,

That from her griefe burſt veines in pittious flood,
From the ſweet conduits of her fauour fell,
The gentle Turtles did with mones make ſwell
Their ſhining gorges, the white blacke-ey'd Swans
Did ſing as wofull Epicedians. (Queene,
As they would ſtraightwayes dye, when pitties
The goddeſſe *Ecte*, that had euer beene
Hid in the watry cloud neere *Heroes* cries,
Since the firſt inſtant of her broken eyes,
Gaue bright *Leucote* voyce, and made her ſpeake,
To eaſe her anguiſh, whole ſwoln breſt did breake
With anger at her goddeſſe, that did touch
Hero ſo neere, for that ſhe vſ'd ſo much,
And thruſting her white necke at *Venus*, ſaid,
Why may not amorous *Hero* ſeeme a Maid,
Though ſhe be none as well as you ſuppreſſe,
In modeſt cheekes, your inward wantonneſſe?
How often haue we drawne you from aboue,
To exchange with mortals, rites for rites in loue?
Why in your Prieſt then call you that offence,
That ſhines in you, and in your influence?
With this the furies ſtopt *Leucotes* lips,
Enioyn'd by *Venus*, who with roſie whips
Beat the kind Bird: Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did ſet on fire faire *Heroes* ſacrifice,
Which was her torne robe, and inforced haire,
And the bright flame became a Maid moſt faire

For her aſpect, her treſſes were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts all ſet on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get releaſt,
Her armes were all vvith golden pinſers dreſt;
And twenty faſhion'd knots, pullies and brakes,
And all her body girt vvith painted Snakes.
Her downe parts in a Scorpions taile combin'd,
Freckled vvith tvventy colours, py'd vvings ſhin'd
Out of her ſhoulders. Cloth had neuer dye,
Nor ſvveeter colours neuer vievved eye,
In ſcorching *Turky*, *Cares*, *Tartary*,
Then ſhin'd about this ſpirit notorious,
Nor vvas *Arachnes* vveb ſo glorious:
of lightning and of ſhreds ſhe vvas begot,
Moae hold in baſe diſſemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronuſis*, *Venus* ſtevv
From *Heroes* ſight, and at her Chariot dreVv
This vvondrous creature to ſo ſteepe a height,
That all the world ſhe might cõmand with ſleight
Of her gay wings, and then ſhe bad her haſte,
Since *Hero* had diſſembled, and diſgrac't
Her rites ſo much, and euery breſt infect
VVith her deceits, ſhe made her *Architect*
Of all diſsimulation, and ſince then
Neuer was any truſt, in maids or men.
O it ſpighted
Faire *Venus* heart to ſee her moſt delighted,

And

And one she chus'd for tempter of her mind,
To be the onely ruler of her kind,
So soone to let her Virgin race be ended,
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in strife for chastenesse with the Moone,
Spitefull *Diana* bade her shew but one
That was her seruant vowed and liu'd a Mayd,
And now she thought to answere that vpbraid:
Hero had lost her answere who knowes not
Venus would seeme as farre from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
Twixt *Cynthia's* browes? sin is asham'd of sin.
Vp *Venus* flew, and scarce durst vp for feare
Of *Phœbes* laughter, when she past her sphere,
And so most vgly clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day, night came ere night
And *Venus* could not through the thicke aire pierce,
Till the dayes king, god of vndanted Verse,
Because she was so plentifull a theame,
To such as wore his Lawrell *Anademe*;
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That being not throughly rarify'd to raine,
Melted like pitch as blew as any vaine,
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrinke
Vnder their feruor, and the world did thinke,
In euery drop a torturing spirit flew,

It pierst so deepely, and it burn'd so blue.
Betwixt all this and *Hero*, Hero held
Leanders picture as a Persian shield,
And she was free from feare of worst successe:
The more ill threats vs, we suspect the lesse.
As we grow hapless, violence subtile grows, (knows
Dumbe, deafe, and blinde, and comes when no man

The ende of the fourth Sestyad.

The Argument of the fifth Sestyad.

Day doubles her accustom'd date
As loath the night, incenst by fate,
Should wrake our Louers, Heroes *plight*
Longs for Leander *and the night,*
Which, ere her thirsty Wish recouers:
She sends for two betrothed Louers,
And marries them, that (with their crue
Their sports and ceremonies due)
She couertly might celebrate,
With secret ioy her owne estate.
She makes a feast, at which appeares
The wilde Nymph Teras, *that still beares*
An Ivory Lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemne Festiuals.

NOw was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in *Leanders* stay.

Sol

Sol, and the soft-foot Houres hung on his armes,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms
That day *Aurora* double grace obtain'd
Of her loue *Phœbus*, she his horses rain'd
Set on his golden knee, and as she list,
She pul'd him backe, and as she puld, she kist,
To haue him turne to bed, he lou'd her more,
To see the loue *Leander* *Hero* bore
Examples profit much, ten times in one,
In persons full of note good deeds are done.
Day was so long, men walking fell asleepe,
The heauy humors that their eyes did steepe, (beds
Made them feare mischiefes. The hard streets were
For couetous Churles, and for ambitious heads,
That spight of Nature would their businesse ply.
All thought they had the falling *Epilepsie*,
Men groueld so vpon the smother'd ground,
And pitie did the heart of heauen confound:
The gods, the graces, and the Muses came
Downe to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares,
But death before had stopt their cruell eares.
All the Celestials parted mourning then,
Pierst with our humane miseries, more then men:
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.
With their descent the day grew something faire,

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But want of feeling one anothers ill.

With their descent the day grew something faire,

And cast a brighter robe vpon the ayre.
Hero to shorten time vvith merriment,
For young *Alemane*, and bright *Mya* sent;
Two Louers that had long crau'd marriage dues
At *Heroes* hands; but she did still refuse:
For louely *Mya* was her consort vow'd
In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd
To amorous Nuptials: yet faire *Hero* nowv
Intended to dispense with her cold vowv,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites vvould pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet musicke vsherd th'odorous way;
And vvanton ayre in twentie syveet formes danc't,
After her fingers; beauty and loue aduanc't
Their Ensignes, in the dowvnelesse rosie faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these *Hero* made a friendly feast,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much loue protest
Winning their hearts with all the meanes she might,
That when her fault should chance t'abide the light,
Their loues might couer or extenuate it:
And high in her vvorst face make pitie sit.
She maried them, and in the banquet came,
Borne by the Virgins; *Hero* striu'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced blis.

Ill may a ſad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath conſtrained laughter any grace.
Then laid ſhe wine on cares to make them ſinke;
Who feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.
To theſe quicke Nuptials entred ſuddenly,
Admired *Teras*, with the Ebon Thye,
A Nymph that haunted the greene *Seſtian* groues,
And vvould conſort ſoft Virgins in their loues.
At gayſome triumphs, and on ſolemne dayes,
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
And fingring of a ſiluer Lute ſhe tyde
VVith blacke and purple skarfes by her left ſide.
Apollo gaue it, and her skill vvithall,
And ſhe was term'd his dwarfe ſhe was ſo ſmall,
Yet great in vertue, for his beames inclos'd
His vertues in her, neuer vvas propos'd
Riddle to her, or augury ſtrange or nevv,
But ſhe reſolu'd it, neuer ſlight tale flevv
From her charm'd lips, without important ſence,
Shew'n in ſome graue ſucceeding conſequence.
This little Siluane with her ſongs and tales,
Gaue ſuch eſtate to Feaſts and Nuptials,
That though oft-times ſhe fore-went Tragedies,
Yet for her ſtrangeneſſe ſtill ſhe pleaſ'd her eyes,
And for her ſmalneſſe they admir'd her ſo,
They thought her perfect borne, & could not grow.
All eyes were on her; *Hero* did command

An Altar deckt with sacred state should stand
At the Feasts vpper end, close by the Bride,
On which the pretty Nymph might sit espide.
Then all were silent, euery one so heares,
As all their senses climb'd into their eares;
And first this amorous tale that fitted well,
Faire *Hero* and the nuptials she did tell.

The Tale of Teras.

Hymen that now is God of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honour Loue and his delights,
Of *Athens* was a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the Female race,
Such quickning brightnesse did his cleere eies dart,
Warme went their beames to his beholders heart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your Nuptiall contracts were first sign'd.
For as proportion white and crimson meet
In beauties mixture, all right cleere and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire;
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermixt affection should inuade
Two perfect Louers, which being yet vnseene,
Their vertues and their comforts coppied beene,
In beauties concord, subiect to the eye,
And that in *Hymen*, pleas'd so matchlesselv,
That Louers were esteem'd in their full grace:

Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face,
And ſuch ſweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, muſicke, feaſts, and greateſt men;
So *Hymen* lookt, that euen the chaſteſt mind,
He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of ſacred kind,
For onely now his chins firſt down conſorted
His heads rich fleece in golden curles contorted,
And as he was ſo lou'd, he lou'd ſo too:
So ſhould beſt beauties bound by Nuptials doo.
Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men ſaid,
The nobleſt, faireſt, and the richeſt Mayd
Of all th'*Athenian* damſels, *Hymen* lou'd
With ſuch tranſmiſsion, that his heart remou'd
From his white breaſt to hers, but her eſtate
In paſsing his, was ſo interminate
For wealth and honour, that his loue durſt feede
On nought but ſight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requitall, the grand prize of loue,
Nor could he heare or ſee, but he muſt proue,
How his rare beauties muſicke would agree
With Maids in conſort, therefore robbed he
His chin of thoſe ſame few firſt fruits it bore,
And clad in ſuch attire as Virgins wore;
He kept them company, and might right well,
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell
In all the faire of beauty, yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne deſires implanted,

In his deare *Eucaris*, for women neuer
Loue beauty in their Sexe, but enuy euer.
His iudgement yet (that durſt not ſuit addreſſe,
Nor paſt due meanes, preſume of due ſucceſſe)
Reaſon gat Fortune in the end to ſpeed
To his beſt preies, but ſtrange it ſeem'd indeed,
That Fortune ſhould a chaſte affection bleſſe.
Preferment ſeldome graceth baſhfulneſſe.
Nor grac'd it *Hymen* yet, but many a dart
And many an amourous thought inthrald his heart,
Ere he obtain'd her, and he ſicke became,
Forc'd to abſtaine her ſight, and then the flame
Rag'd in her boſome. O what griefe did fill him!
Sight made him ſicke, and want of ſight did kil him.
The Virgins wondred where *Dietia* ſtayd,
For ſo did *Hymen* terme himſelfe a Mayd:
At length, with ſickly lookes he greeted them,
'Tis ſtrange to ſee 'gainſt what an extreame ſtreame,
A Louer ſtriues, poore *Hymen* look'd ſo ill,
That as in merit he increaſed ſtill,
By ſuffering much, ſo he in grace decreaſ'd,
Women are moſt wonne, when men merit leaſt:
If merit looke not well, loue bids ſtand by,
Loues ſpeciall leſſon is to pleaſe the eye.
And *Hymen* ſoone recouering all he loſt,
Deceiuing ſtill theſe Maids, but himſelfe moſt.
His Loue and he with many Virgin Dames,

Noble

Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
Leauing the towne with songs and hallow'd lights,
To doe great *Ceres Eleusina* rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a pray
To barbarous Rouers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforc't their shining spoyle,
Farre from the darkned City tir'd with toyle.
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trouping forth, iealous of cruelty,
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,
Into a double night they saw them driuen,
A horrid Caue, the theeues black mansion,
Where weary of the iourny they had gone, (gaines,
Their last nights watch, and drunk with their sweet
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with silke chaines,
Stronger then iron, and bound their swelling vaines,
And tired senses of these lawlesse Swaines:
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn'd,
O what a hell was heauen in? how they mourn'd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle
Into the shapes of sorrow? golden stormes (formes
Fell from their eies: as when the sunne appeares
And yet it raines, so shew'd their eies their teares.
And as when funerall Dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
How little food he ate, what he would say;

And then mixe mournfull tales of others deathes,
Smoth'ring thẽſelues in clouds of their own breaths:
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden bowle drinkes teares out of their eyne,
As they drinke wine from it, and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their vvoes:
So caſt theſe Virgins beauties mortall rayes,
One lights another, face the face diſplayes,
Lips by reflexion kiſt, and hands hands ſhooke,
Euen by the vvhiteneſſe each of other tooke.
But *Hymen* now vſ'd friendly *Morpheus* ayd,
Slue euery thiefe, and reſcu'd euery Maid:
And now did his enamour'd paſsion take
Heart from his hearty deed, vvhoſe worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more ſtrong,
And now came *Loue* vvith *Proteus*, vvho had long
Iuggl'd the little god vvith prayers and gifts,
Ran through all ſhapes, and varied all his ſhifts,
To win *Loues* ſtay with him, & make him loue him:
And when he ſaw no ſtrength of ſleight could moue him,
To make him lone, or ſtay, he nimbly turnd
Into *Loues* ſelfe, he ſo extremly burn'd.
And thus came *Loue* vvith *Proteus* and his pow'r,
T'encounter *Eucharis*, firſt, like the flowre,
That *Iunoes* milke did ſpring the ſiluer Lilly,
He fell on Hymens hand, vvho ſtraight did ſpy
The bounteous godhead, and vvith vvondrous ioy

Offered in *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy,
Drew backe her hand, the ſubtile flower did vvoo it,
And drawing it neere, mixt ſo you could not know it.
As two cleere tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lilly and the hand their white,
She vievv'd it, and her view the forme beſtovves
Amongſt her ſpirits, for as colour flovves
From ſuperficies of each thing vve ſee,
Euen ſo vvith colours formes emitted be,
And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme:
He entred at the eye his ſacred ſtorme
Roſe from the hand, loues ſweeteſt inſtrument.
It ſtird her bloods ſea ſo, that high it vvent,
And beat in baſhfull waues 'gainſt the vvhite ſhore
Of her diuided cheekes, it rag'd the more,
Becauſe their tide vvent 'gainſt the haughty vvind
Of her eſtate and birth, and as vve find
In fainting ebs, the flowry Zephire hurles.
The green-hair'd *Helleſpont*, broke in ſiluer curles
'Gainſt *Heroes* towre, but in his blaſts retreat,
The waues obeying him, they after beat,
Leauing the chalky ſhore a great way pale,
Then moiſt it freſhly with another gale
So ebb'd and flowed in *Eucharis* face,
Coyneſſe and Loue ſtriu'd which had greateſt grace,
Virginitie did fight on Coyneſſe ſide,
Feare of her Parents frownes, and femall pride,

Lothing the lower place more then it loues
The high contents, desert and vertue moues.
With loue fought *Hymens* beauty and his valure,
Which scarce could so much valure yet allure
To come to strike, but fameless idle stood.
Action is fiery valours soueraigne good.
But loue once entred, wisht no greater ayd,
Then he could find within, thought, thought betraid
The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison,
Sung *Io Hymen*, there those songs begun,
And Loue was growne so rich with such a gaine,
And vvanton with the ease of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her rougheſt frovvnes
To turne them out, and thus he *Hymen* crovvnes
King of his thoughtes, mans greateſt Empery:
This vvas his first braue step to deity.
Home to the mourning City they repaire,
VVith newes as vvholsome as the morning ayre,
To the sad Parents of each saued Maid,
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.
Becauſe the Parents of chaſte *Eucharis*
Exceeding *Hymens* so, might crosse their bliſſe,
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assiſt vvith force, so vvhen they saw
Their Daughter safe, take vantage of their ovvne,

Praiſe *Hymens* volour much, nothing beſtowne,
Hymen muſt leaue the Virgins in a groue
Farre off from *Athens*, and goe firſt to proue
If to reſtore them all with fame and life,
He ſhould enioy his deareſt as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the moſt agree,
The riper ſort knowing what t'is to bee
The firſt mouth of a newes ſo farre deriu'd,
And that to heare and beare newes braue folke liu'd,
As being a carriage ſpeciall hard to beare
Occurrents, theſe occurrents being ſo deare;
They did with grace ptoteſt, they were content
T'accoſt their friends with all their complement
For *Hymens* good, but to incurre their harme,
There he muſt pardon them. This wit went warme,
To *Adoleſhes* braine, a Nymph borne hie,
Made all of voice and fire, that vpwards flie,
Her heart and all her forces neither traine,
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,
Since it could goe no higher, and it muſt goe,
All powers ſhe had, euen her tongue did ſo,
In ſpirit and quickneſſe ſhe much ioy did take,
And lou'd her tongue, onely for quickneſſe ſake,
And ſhe would haſte and tell. The reſt all ſtay,
Hymen goes on, the Nymph another way:
And what became of her Ile tell at laſt,
Yet take her viſage now, moiſt lipt, long fac'd,

Thin like an yron wedge, so sharpe and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleaue Loues heart.
Well were this louely beauty rid of her,
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with ioy aspir'd,
A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
To fetch the Nymphs, Chariots and musicke vvent;
And home they came, heauen with applauses rent.
The Nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the towne,
Fresh in their ioyes, might doe them most renowne.
First gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
Like a quicke offering burnd in flames of haire;
And after vvith a Virgin firmament,
The godhead-prouing Bride, attended vvent
Before them, she lookt in her command,
As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* siluer hand
Grip'd all their beauties, and crusht out one flame;
Shee blusht to see how beauty ouercame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Fiue louely children, deckt vvith ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing Torches by,
For light vvas held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right,
Is nothing else but to produce to light
The od disparent number, they did chuse
To shew the vnion married loues should vse,
Since in two equall parts it will not seuer,

But the midſt holds one to reioyne it euer,
As common to both parts: men therefore deeme,
That equall number gods do not eſteeme,
Being authors of ſvveet peace and vnity,
But pleaſing to th'infernall Empery;
Vnder vvhoſe enſignes Wars and diſcords fight,
Since an euen number you may diſ-vnite
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
To re-vnite each part from other reft:
And fiue they hold in moſt eſpeciall price,
Since 'tis the firſt odde number that doth riſe
From the two foermoſt numbers vnity
That od and euen are, vvhich two and three,
For one no number is, but thence doth flovv
The powerfull race of number. Next did goe
A noble Matron, that did ſpinning beare
A Huſvviues rocke and ſpindle, and did vveare
A Weathers skin, vvith all the ſnovvy fleece,
To intimate, that euen the daintieſt peece,
And nobleſt borne dame ſhould induſtrious be.
That vvhich does good, diſgraceth no degree.

And now to *Iunos* temple they are come,
Where her graue Prieſt ſtood in the mariage roome:
On his right hand did hang a skarlet vaile,
And from his ſhoulders to the ground did traile
On either ſide, ribands of vvhite and blue,
With the red vaile he hid the baſhfull hue

Of the chaſt Bride, to ſhew the modeſt ſhame,
In coupling with a man ſhould grace a Dame:
Then tooke he the diſparent ſilkes, and tide
The louers by the waſts, and ſide to ſide,
In token that hereafter they muſt binde
In one ſelfe-ſacred knot each others minde;
Before them on an *Altar* he preſented
Both fire and water, which was firſt inuented,
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
And euery other birth, produc'd by nature,
Moiſture and heate muſt mix, ſo Man and Wife
For humane race muſt ioyne in nuptiall life.
The one of *Iunoes* birds the painted Iay
He ſacrific'd, and tooke the gall away.
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In ſigne no hate of bitterneſſe ſhould grow
'Twixt married loues nor any leaſt diſdaine.
Nothing they ſpake, for 'twas eſteem'd too plaine,
For the moſt ſilken mildneſſe of a Maid,
To let a publick audience heare it ſaid,
She boldly tooke the man: and ſo reſpected
Was baſhfullneſſe in *Arbyus*, it erected
To chaſt *Agneia*, which is ſhamefaſtneſſe,
A ſacred Temple, holding her a goddeſſe
And now to Feaſts, Masks, and triumphant ſhowes,
The ſhining troupes return'd, euen till earth throwes
Brought forth with ioy the thickeſt part of night,

When

When the ſweet Nuptiall ſong that vſ'd to cite
All to their reſt, was by *Phemonor* ſung,
Firſt *Delphean* Propheteſſe, whoſe graces ſprung
Out of the *Muſes*, well ſhe ſung before
The Bride into her Chamber, at which dore,
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did ſtand,
A painted box of Confits in her hand,
The Matron held, and ſo did otherſome
That compaſt round the honoured Nuptiall roome
The cuſtome was, that euery Maid did weare,
During her maiden-head, a ſilken ſphere,
About her waſte, about her inmoſt weed,
Knit with *Mineruas* koot, and that was freed
By the faire Bridegroome on the marriage night,
With many Ceremonies of delight,
And yet eterniz'd *Hymens* tender Bride,
To ſuffer it diſſolu'd ſo ſweetly cride.
The Maids that heard, ſo lou'd and did adore her,
They wiſht with all their hearts, to ſuffer for her,
So had the Matrons that with Confits ſtood
About the chamber, ſuch affectionate blood,
And ſo true feeling of her harmeleſſe paines?
That euery one a ſhowre of Confits raines.
For which the Bride youths ſcrabling on the ground
In noiſe of that ſweet haile their cries were drownd
And thus bleſt *Hymen* ioyd his gracious Bride,
And for his ioy was after deifide.

The Saffron mirror by which *Phœbus* loue,
Greene *Tellus* decks her, now he held aboue
The cloudy Mountaines, and the noble Mayd,
Sharpe visag'd *Adolesche*, that vvas strayd
Out of her way in hasting vvith her newes,
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* terrets vievves;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And hovv faire *Hymens* honours did excell
For those rare nevves, which she came short to tell,
To heare her deare tongue rob'd of such a ioy,
Made the well-spoken Nymph take such a toy,
That downe she sunke, when lightning from aboue,
Shrunke her leane body, and for meere free loue,
Turn'd her into the pyed plum'd *Psittacus*,
That now the Parrat is surnam'd by vs;
Who still with counterfait confusion prates,
Nought but newes cõmon to the common'st mates.
This told, strange *Teras* toucht her Lute and sung
This ditty, that the torchy euening sprung.

Epithalmion Teratos.

COme, come deare night, loues Mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull summer of his blisses
Loues glory doth in darknesse shine,
O come soft rest of Cares, come night,

Come

Come naked vertues onely tire,
That reapest harueſt of the light,
Bound vp in ſheaues of ſacred fire.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his armes.
Come night and lay thy veluet hand
On glorious dayes outfacing face,
And all thy crowned flames cõmand
For torches to our Nuptiall grace.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his armes,
No need haue we of factious Day.
To caſt in enuy of thy peace,
Herbals of Diſcord in thy way,
Her beauties day doth neuer ceaſe;
Day is obſtracted heare,
And varied in a triple ſphere.
Hero, Almaine, Mya ſo outſhine thee,
Ere thou come heare, let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his armes.

The euening ſtarre I ſee,
Riſe, youths, the euening ſtarre
Helpes loue to ſummon warre,
Both now imbracing be. (riſe,
Riſe, youths, loues right claimes more then bankets,
Now the bright Marigolds that decke the skies,
Phœbus celeſtiall flowers, that (contrary
To his flowers here) ope when he ſhuts his eye,
And ſhuts when he doth open, crowne your ſports,
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts
Courtſhip and dances: all your parts employ,
And ſute nights rich expanſure with your ioy,
Loue paints his longings in ſweete virgins eyes, (riſe,
Riſe, youths, loues rite claimes more then bankets,
Riſe Virgins, let faire Nuptiall loues infold
Your fruitleſſe breſts, the maiden-heads you hold
Are not your owne alone, but parted are,
Part in diſpoſing them your parents are,
And that a third part is, ſo muſt ye ſaue,
Your loue's a third, and you your thirds muſt haue,
Loue paints his longings in ſweet Virgins eyes, (riſe.
Riſe, youths, loues right claimes more then bankets,
Herewith the amorous ſpirit that was ſo kind
To *Teras* haire, and comb'd it downe with wind,
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
Would needs haue *Teras* gone, and did refraine
To blow it downe, which ſtarting vp diſmaid

The timorous feast, and she no longer stayd,
But bowing to the Bridegroome and the Bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights, the turning of her backe
Made them all shricke, it lookt so gastly blacke,
O hapleſſe *Hero*, that moſt hapleſſe cloud,
Thy ſoone ſucceeding Tragedy foreſhew'd:
Thus all the Nuptiall crue to ioyes depart,
But much-wrong'd *Hero* ſtood hels blackeſt dart,
Whoſe wound becauſe I grieue ſo to diſplay,
I vſe digreſsions thus t'increaſe the day.

The ende of the fifth Seſtyad.

The Argument of the ſixth Seſtyad.

Leucote *flies to all the Windes,*
And from the fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero *and her loue may meet,*
Leander *with* Loues *compleat fleet*
Mand in himſelfe) puts forth to Seas,
When ſtraight the ruthleſſe Deſtinies,
With Art doe ſtir the winds to warre
Vpon the Helleſpont: *their iarres*
Drowne poore Leander. Heroes *eyes*
Wet witneſſes of his ſurpriſe,
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe caſts her downe
Vpon her Loue, and both doth drowne,

In whose iust ruth the god of Seas
Transformes them to th' Acantides.

NO longer could the day nor Destinies
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne, and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and dreames lay sucking, all mens rests
Fell like the mists of death vpon their eyes,
Dayes too long darts so kild their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowres, to cease began,
For bright *Leucote*, *Venus* whitest Swan,
That held sweet *Hero* deare, spred her faire wings,
Like to a field of snow and message brings
From *Venus* to the fates, t' intreat them lay
Their charge vpon the winds their rage to stay,
That the stearne battell of the Seas might cease,
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace
The Fates consent (aye me dissembling Fates)
They shewd their fauours to conceale their hates,
And draw *Leander* on, lest Seas too hie
Should stay his too obsequious Destiny,
Who like a fleeting sluish parasite,
In warping profit or a trayterous sleight,
Hoopes round his rotten body with deuotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes,
Praising with open throat (and oathes as fowle
As his falfe heart) the beauty of an Owle,
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,

That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips,
Like a Cocke-sparrow, or a shameleſſe queane,
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane
Of all his anticke ſhewes, but doth repaire
More tender fawnes, and takes a ſcattered haire
From his tame ſubiects ſhoulder, w hips and cals
For euery thing he lackes; creepes againſt the wals
With backward humbleneſſe, to giue needleſſe way:
Thus his falſe fate did with *Leander* play.
Firſt to blake *Eurus* flyes the white *Leucote*,
Borne 'mongſt the Negros in the Leuant Sea,
On whoſe curl'd head the glowing Sun doth riſe,
And ſhewes the ſoueraigne will of Deſtinies,
To haue him ceaſe his blaſts, and downe he lyes.
Next to the fenny *Notus*, courſe ſhe holds,
And found him leaning with his armes in folds
Vpon a Rocke, his white haire full of ſhowres,
And him ſhe chargeth by the fatall powres,
To hold in his wet cheekes his cloudy voice,
To *Zephire* then that doth in flowres reioyce,
To ſnake-foot *Boreas* next ſhe did remoue,
And found him toſsing of his rauiſht loue,
To heate his froſty boſome hid in ſnow,
Who with *Leucotes* ſight did ceaſe to blow.
Thus all were ſtill to *Heroes* hearts deſire,
Who with all ſpeed did conſecrate a fire
Of flaming gummes, and comfortable ſpice,

To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being obiect to *Leanders* sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must giue it light.
She lou'd it so, she grieu'd to see it burne,
Since it would waste, and soone to ashes turne,
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not vvorth her eyes;
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glasse of our societie,
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen show,
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd, held low.
Doe good, be pin'd, be deedlesse good disgrast,
Vnlesse we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet *Hero* with these thoughts her torch did spend;
When *Bees* make waxe, Nature doth not intend
I should be made a torch, but we that knovv
The proper vertue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did nature
Propose one life to Maides, but each such creature
Makes by her soule the best of her true state.
Which without loue is rude, disconsolate,
And wants loues fire to make it milde and bright,
Till when, Maides are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our griefe, not cause of griefe wee fight,
The right of nought is gleand, but the delight.
Vp went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.

She was the rule of wiſhes, ſumme and end,
For all the parts that did on loue depend,
Yet caſt the torch his brightneſſe further forth,
But what ſhines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.
Leander did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim
To kiſſe the torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her deſires awaked,
Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked,
Men kiſſe but fire that onely ſhewes purſue,
Her torch and *Hero*, figure, ſhew and vertue.
Now at oppoſ'd *Abydus* nought was heard,
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slaine for the Nuptials, crakes of falling woods,
Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.
The guilty *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtain'd
With bloudy torrent, that the ſhambles rain'd,
Not arguments of feaſt, but ſhewes that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More bloud was ſpilt, more honors were addreſt,
Then could haue graced any happy feaſt.
Rich banquets, triumphs, euery pompe imployes
His ſumptuous hand, no Miſers Nnptiall ioyes.
Aire felt continuall thunder with the noiſe,
Made in the generall marriage violence,
And no man knew the cauſe of his expence,
But the two hapleſſe Lords, *Leanders* Sire,
And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire

Of credulous loue made him moſt rich ſurmiſ'd,
As ſhort vvas he of that himſelfe ſurpriſ'd:
As in an empty Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act, each drop a ſtorme,
That fals frõ his braue breathings, moſt brought vp
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feaſts, and much Palme beares,
For his rare iudgement in th'attire he vveares,
Hath ſeene the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,
Obſerues their rampires and their buildings yet,
And for your ſweet diſcourſe with mouths is heard,
Giuing inſtructions with his very beard,
Hath gone with an Ambaſſador, and been
A great mans mate, in trauelling, euen to *Rheme*,
And then puts all his worth in ſuch a face,
As he ſaw braue men make, and ſtriues for grace
To get his newes forth, as vvhen you deſcry
A Ship vvith all her ſayle contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames vvith vvinds vnapt,
Now croſſeth here, then there, then this vvay rapt,
And then hath one point reacht, then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall,
Of halfe a Burd-bolts ſhoote, keeping more coile,
Then if ſhe danc't vpon the Oceans toyle:
So ſerious is his trifling company,
In all his ſwelling Ship of vacantry.
And ſo ſhort of himſelfe in his high thought,

Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
But otherwiſe he ſcornes compariſon.
O ſweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide
In a ſhort graue, ill-fauor'd ſtormes muſt chide
Thy ſacred fauour: I, in flouds of inke,
Muſt drown thy graces which white papers drinke;
Euen as thy beauties did the foule blacke ſeas,
I muſt deſcribe the hell of thy diſeaſe,
That heauen did merit, yet I needs muſt ſee
Our painted fooles and cockehorſe peſſantry,
Still ſtill vſurpe, with long liues, loues and luſt,
The ſeats of vertue, cutting ſhort as duſt
Her deare brought iſſue, ill to worſe conuerts,
And tramples in the bloud of all deſerts.
Night cloſe and ſilent now goes faſt before
The Captaines and the Souldiers to the ſhore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At *Seſtus* bay, that ſhould *Leander* meet,
Who fain'd he in another Ship would paſſe,
Which muſt not be, for no one meant there was
To get his loue home but the courſe he tooke.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty looke,
And ſaw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the Sunne a face of gold,
Form'd in ſtrong thoughts, by that traditions force
That ſayes a god ſits there, and guides his courſe.

His ſiſter was vvith him, to whom he ſhewed
His guide by Sea, and ſaid; Oft haue you viewed
In one heauen many ſtarres, but neuer yet
In one ſtarre many heauens till now were met.
See louely ſiſter, ſee, now *Hero* ſhines,
No heauen but hers appeares, each ſtar repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth ſhe ſhine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be conſtant in hels blackeſt raigne,
Though euen the gods themſelues doe ſo intreat (them,
As they did hate, and earth as ſhe would eate them.
Off went his ſilke robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waues ſo licorouſly cleapt,
Thickning for haſte one in another ſo,
To kiſſe his skine, that he might almoſt goe
To *Heroes* tower, had that kinde minute laſted,
But now the cruell fates with *Ate* haſted
To all the windes, and made them battle fight
Vpon the *Helleſpont*, for eithers right,
Pretended to the windy Monarchy,
And forth they brake, the Seas mixt with the skie
And toſt diſtreſt *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heauen: *B*liſſe not in height doth dwell,
The Deſtinies ſate dancing on the waues,
To ſee the glorious vvinds vvith mutuall braues
Conſume each other. O true glaſſe to ſee,

How

How ruinous ambitious Statists be
To their owne glories: poore *Leander* cryed
For helpe to sea-borne *Venus*, she denied
To *Boreas*, that for his *Attheas* sake,
He would some pitie on his *Hero* take;
And for his owne loues sake on his desires:
But glory neuer blowes cold pitties fires.
Then call'd he *Neptune*, who through all the noyse
Knew with affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice,
And vp he rose: for hast his forehead hit (smit
'Gainst heauens hard Crystall, his proud waues hee
With his forkt scepter, that could not obey,
Much greater powers thē *Neptunes* gaue them sway,
They lou'd *Leander* so, in grones they brake
When they came neere him, and such space did take
Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrowes earth was shewne,
And the poore Louer tooke a little breath,
But the curst fates sate spinning of his death
On euery waue, and with the seruile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now *Hero* findes
By that she felt her deare *Leanders* state;
She wept, and prayed for him to euery fate,
And euery wind that whipt her with her haire
About the face, she kist, and spake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes
To quench his thirst, but still their cruelties.

Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate
The bating flame from that deare food it eate,
Deare, for it nouriſht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe ſhe reſcu'd from their ſtrife,
But ſilke too ſoft was, ſuch hard hearts to breake,
And ſhe, deare ſoule, euen as her ſilke, faint weake,
Could not preſerue it out: O out it went.
Leander ſtill call'd *Neptune*, that now rent
His brakiſh curles, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where teares in billowes did each other chaſe,
And (burſt with ruth) hee hurld his marble mace,
At the iterne Fates, it wounded *Lacheſis*,
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not miſſe
The thread it ſelfe, as it her hand did hit,
But ſmote it full, and quite did ſunder it.
The more kind *Neptune* rag'd, the more he rac'd
His loues liues fort, and kil'd as he embrac'd;
Anger doth ſtill his owne miſ-hap encreaſe:
If any comfort liue, it is in peace
O theeuiſh Fates, to let Bloud, Fleſh and Sence,
Build two faire Temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poiſoned influence.
Though ſoules gifts ſterue, the bodies are held deare
In vglieſt things, Senſe-ſport preſerues a Beare.
But here nought ſerues our turnes: O heauen & earth
How moſt moſt wretched is our humane birth?
And now did all the tyrannous crue depart,

Know-

Knowing there vvas a ſtorme in *Heroes* heart,
Greater then they could make, & skorn'd their ſmart.
She bowed her ſelfe ſo low out of her towre,
That vvonder 'twas ſhe fell not ere her houre,
With ſearching the lamenting waues for him,
Like a poore Snaile, her gentle ſupple lim
Hung on her turrets top ſo moſt downe right,
As ſhe would diue beneath the darkneſſe quite,
To finde her Iewell, Iewell, her *Leander*,
A name of all earths iewels pleaſ'd not her
Like his deare name, *Leander* ſtill my choiſe:
Come nought but my *Leander*: O my voice
Turne to *Leander*, henceforth be all ſounds
Accents and phraſes, that ſhevv all griefes vvounds,
Analyſ'd in *Leander*. O blacke change:
Trumpets, do you vvith thunder of your clange,
Driue out this changes horror, my voice faints,
Where all ioy vvas, novv ſhricke out all complaints.
Thus cryed ſhe, for her mixt ſoule could tell
Her loue vvas dead: And vvhen the morning fell,
Proſtrate vpon the vveeping earth for vvoe,
Bluſhes that bled out of her cheekes did ſhovv,
Leander brought by *Neptune* bruſ'd and torne
With Cities ruines, he to rocks had vvorne,
To filthy vſuring rockes that vvould haue blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She ſaw him, and the ſight was much much more,

Then might haue ſeru'd to kill her, ſhould her ſtore
Of gyant ſorrowes ſpeake? burſt, dye, bleed,
And leaue poore plants to vs that ſhall ſucceed:
She fell on her Loues boſome, hugg'd it faſt.
And vvith *Leanders* name ſhe breath'd her laſt.
Neptune for pitty in his armes did take them,
Flung them in the ayre and did awake them.
Like two ſweet birds, ſurnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which we call Thiſtle-warps, that neere no ſeas
Dare euer come, but ſtill in couples flie,
And feed on thiſtle tops, to teſtifie
The hardnes of their firſt life in their laſt:
The firſt in thornes of loue that ſorrowes paſt,
And ſo moſt beautifull their colours ſhow,
As none (ſo little) like them, her ſad brow
A ſable veluet feather couers quite:
Euen like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or vvhen they ſorrow, Ladies vſ'd to weare
Their wings blue, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours that as we conſtrue colours paint
Their ſtates to life, the yellow ſhewes their faint,
The dainty *Venus* left them blue, their truth,
Their red and blacke enſignes of death and ruth.
And thus true honour from their loue-death ſprung.
They were the firſt that euer Poet ſung.

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